

THE VOICE OF A STAR.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Dark night her tent, once more unfurled, on
 Upon the marble floor of the world—the great
 And the palace windows, on many
 And a noble staid man, with eyes as angels
 And looked up at the sphere of flame that so
 In gloomed above.
 She gazed at him with a misty eye, and spoke,
 In accents low and sweet:
 "O tell me, god-birds of the sky! if ever a voice
 You heard
 In justice fall from a pale star, and deaf, as
 As well as I?"
 "Kiss me, then, the heaviest yoke be placed
 On woman's hand!"
 Why should the voice of a man's heart be off his
 Incessant slave?
 Why is his life or torn apart, by those who have
 Told to save?
 "Why should the mold of the human race be
 Crushed and thrown away?
 Why never let the torch of war glow that woos
 The stronger day?
 Why must the nation of men be bought and
 Sold like beast that die?
 Why are they scourged for little or naught, na-
 Tured of sin?
 Why are we women of Rome or fold, as those
 Who should be free?
 Because not least, no flocks in fold, as those
 Across the sea?"
 "Have we no heart? Have we no mind? Must
 Not our conscience speak?
 Say, must we be dumb or blind, because
 Our hands are weak?
 Must we be ever the laughing stock of man's
 Foul, filthy, and?
 Were we but born for Fate to mock—to play a
 Menial part?
 Must all our triumphs be a lie—our joys in fet-
 Terys elate?
 Oh, tell me, god-birds of the sky—if ever a
 Voice you heard
 Then from the east a new, bright star flashed to
 Her flashing eye.
 And seemed to speak to her from afar, with soft
 As a kind reply:
 "Why we, fair maid, upon the eve of victory's
 Coming moon?
 It is our strange fate to grieve whose charac-
 Tera to be torn!
 To-morrow a new King appears, with diadem,
 Mighty hand,
 And he shall rule a million years o'er many a
 Kingly land."
 "His no her a queen the world will see, whose
 Reign doth e'er endure;
 All wisdom shall be hers, her whose ways are
 Just and pure;
 A woman's faith shall not be her death, by men
 Or cruel seas;
 Her power and His God-given breath shall
 Grandly stay between;
 A woman's fame, by merit won, shall add to her
 Queenly grace;
 And higher, as the years march on, shall be her
 Distinct place."
 "And four great words the world shall see, in
 Woven with man's life:
 Men and sister two shall be—and two be
 Daughter and wife.
 It shall be felt that she who cares the lamp of
 Thrift and love
 Can take with him an equal share of all their
 Lives may care;
 That she who loves soft and healing hand can
 Soothe with his blessing hand
 Is no less great, and true, and grand than he
 Who leads the fight."
 Take one who, through the woods may grope till
 Light comes to his eye.
 The maiden thrills the new-born hope, and
 And the good surprise;
 The voice of the star she understood—its glori-
 ous meaning lies;
 And all her dreams of woman's good seemed
 Likely to come true.
 And then again the twilight gray was bright-
 Ened by the moon.
 Within a manger, far away, the infant Christ
 Was born.

HE WISHED TO INQUIRE.

BY MARY FARRISH.

One bright, beautiful summer morn-
 ing, John Malcolm was sitting in an
 invalid's chair, on the piazza of his
 handsome country-seat, which over-
 looked the Hudson River, a short dis-
 tance from New York. He was in a
 decidedly bad humor, and the sound of
 a sweet, fresh voice, singing a pretty
 love ballad, seemed to excite his ir-
 rest still further.
 "Lulu, will you stop that everlasting
 yelling, and come out here a moment?"
 he called, angrily.
 "What can I do for you, papa?" and
 the owner of the voice, a bright, saucy-
 faced, attractive young girl, stepped
 through the low, open French window
 to his side, and stroked his hair loving-
 ly, with her soft, white hand, while
 looking quizzically at her father.
 "I always know you are feeling wor-
 p, when you stigmatize my musical
 efforts as 'everlasting yelling.' And
 she laughed, a gay, infectious little
 laugh, that brought an answering
 smile to her father's face. For, in spite
 of his apparent ill-nature, that was
 more the result of a temporary physical
 suffering than a bad disposition. John
 Malcolm dearly loved this bright,
 bright, accomplished daughter of his.
 "Are there no letters for me this
 morning?" he questioned, and, re-
 ceiving a negative reply, he continued, im-
 patiently: "There, those horses are
 standing in the stable, and no one
 whom I could trust to exercise them,
 while I am bound hand and foot with
 this confounded rheumatism! That
 man whom Jones promised to send
 ought to have been here last night, and
 there's not a sign of him yet, nor any
 letter explaining the delay."
 "Well, papa, I think you had better
 agree to my plan, and let me drive
 them myself until you can get some
 one else," said Lulu.
 "You! You drive those—?" And
 here Mr. Malcolm stopped, breathless,
 at the mere proposition of such a mad
 caprice. "Do you want to be brought
 home with a broken neck?" he man-
 aged to ejaculate, with a gasp.
 Lulu laughed gayly at her father's
 consternation, and was about to reply
 when she was interrupted by the sud-
 den appearance of a young man before
 them.
 "He was a tall, muscular, rather hand-
 some man, dressed in a gray suit that
 showed evidence of once having been
 worn. As he approached he doffed his hat,
 and was about to address them, when
 Mr. Malcolm exclaimed, inately:
 "So you have arrived at last, have
 you? Why didn't you come last night,
 as you agreed to?"
 The stranger's face flushed hotly,
 and he looked from Mr. Malcolm to
 his daughter, with a puzzled air.
 "I beg your pardon," he began;
 "but—"
 "No excuses, sir, if you please," said
 Mr. Malcolm, testily; "for I've no
 doubt you have a string of them ready."
 "But," persisted the stranger, "I only
 wish to inquire—"
 "Yes, yes; I understand," again in-
 terrupted Mr. Malcolm, more impa-
 tiently, "and it isn't necessary to talk
 all day. If you do your work half as
 well as Jones says you will I shall be
 satisfied. But remember, I won't keep
 you a day if you drink. My other
 coachman drank, and it cost him his
 place. Now, call the gardener and let
 him show you to the stables. As soon
 as possible, harness up the team and
 give them a good exercising. By the
 way, what is your name?" was added,
 as the young man turned away para-
 mount to his orders.
 "Fred Davis," was the reply, after a
 momentary hesitation, which Miss
 Malcolm was quick to detect.
 "Well, papa," said she, as the young
 man's form vanished around the corner
 of the house, "your manner frightened
 that poor fellow so that he nearly for-
 got his name. He must think you a
 perfect tyrant."
 "If he remains long enough with us
 he will find out who is the tyrant," re-
 plied Mr. Malcolm, jocularly. "Now,
 Lulu, my dear, if you have time, please

read me a few items of news before
 lunch, and afterward you can ride to
 the village, and see if there is a letter
 from young Moreland. It is about time
 for him to pay that long-promised
 visit."
 While Lulu is engaged with her
 father, we will follow the new coach-
 man.
 When out of the presence of Mr.
 Malcolm and his daughter, his lips
 gave way to an amused smile, which
 gradually deepened into a broad
 laugh.
 "Well, Fred, old boy," he said to
 himself, "this is a transformation with
 vengeance! You have been turned
 into a coachman, willy nilly. A good
 joke on me, that will be relished
 exceedingly by the boys, if they ever
 get hold of it! So, that is Miss Mal-
 colm. A very attractive young lady,
 indeed, and no better opportunity than
 this will ever offer itself for me to win
 the affections of a woman for myself
 alone. So here goes."
 Arriving at the stables, Davis, as he
 was styled by his employer, made
 friends with the horses entrusted to
 his care, and, understanding horse-flesh
 as well as he did, soon had them under
 perfect control.
 Mr. Malcolm congratulated himself
 more and more, as every succeeding day
 upon the acquisition of such a valuable
 servant, for, as far as he could learn,
 this man did not seem to have a single
 one of the petty vices common among
 that class of men. When he had fin-
 ished his duties for the day, he would
 take a book, and, straying away from
 the other servants to a large grapear-
 bor that was on the side of the
 house near the music-room, where Lulu
 spent much of her time, he would soon
 appear to be deeply engrossed with his
 reading.
 One day Miss Malcolm, strolling
 through the arbor, came upon Davis
 as he sat poring over his book. When
 he became aware of her presence, he
 arose hastily, and in doing so dropped
 his book, which fell at her feet before
 he had time to recover it. She was as-
 tonished to see that it was a standard
 French novel in the original.
 "Do you read French, Davis?" she
 inquired.
 "Yes, Miss Malcolm," he replied, re-
 spectfully. "I am ambitious of becom-
 ing something more than a coachman,
 and use all my leisure moments to im-
 prove my mind."
 "Your ambition is a laudable one,
 Davis," replied Lulu, approvingly, her
 respect instinctively rising for the man.
 "We have an extensive library, and if
 the use of the books would aid you
 any in your desire to advance yourself,
 I know that papa will lend you any
 you may name."
 "Thank you kindly, Miss Malcolm,
 for the interest you evince in one whose
 position is so lowly. If you would not
 feel offended at my request, I would
 like you to choose the books that you
 consider the most instructive for an in-
 quiring mind."
 "Very well, Davis, I will select some
 books for you, and leave them on the
 hall table, where you can get them at
 your pleasure."
 Then Lulu returned thoughtfully to
 the house, where she informed her
 father of the incident, and of her
 promise to lend the books.
 "I tell you what, papa," said she, "I
 predict that our coachman is a bud-
 ding genius, perhaps a future Presi-
 dent," and she laughed merrily. "Who
 knows but some day he might make
 you a foreign minister, to repay me for
 directing his studies?"
 "Well, Lulu, I should not be sur-
 prised," Mr. Malcolm replied. "The
 fellow has always puzzled me, any-
 way," he continued, thoughtfully.
 "He is always respectful, and in the
 two months of his service, I have not
 had cause to complain once, even, but
 he seems used to giving orders, in-
 stead of receiving them."
 Some weeks after this conversation,
 Lulu ordered the phaeton brought
 around, as she was about to take a
 drive of some miles to call upon
 some friend. Davis was to accompany
 her. For some reason that she dared
 not own to herself, she was deeply
 pleased at the prospect of a long drive
 with him, for he was one of the most
 congenial companions she had ever
 had. He seemed able to converse flu-
 ently upon all topics, and often aston-
 ished her with the extent of his
 information. She had to confess to
 herself that, among all her male ac-
 quaintances, there was not one to com-
 pare with him in refinement and gen-
 eralness of bearing.
 The proposed visit was made. On
 their way home, they were passing
 through a piece of woods, a gun was
 discharged near at hand, the horses
 were frightened, and, becoming un-
 manageable, dashed away at the top of
 their speed.
 Lulu's terror was extreme, and she
 was preparing to spring from the pha-
 ton, when Davis, divining her inten-
 tion, dexterously wound the reins
 about his hand, and throwing his arm
 around her drew her close to his side.
 "Lulu, darling, trust me!" he said,
 turning a pale, but brave face toward
 her. "Promise that you will not
 again try to jump out, and I will save
 you unhurt."
 "I will trust you," she replied, with
 a strange throbbing of pleasure at her heart
 as she realized the import of his first
 exclamation.
 "Thank you for saying that," he said,
 as he turned once more toward her for
 an instant. "Now, clasp my arm tightly,
 and keep as close to me as possible,
 for the road is bad here, and I need
 both my hands to guide the horses."
 Silently Lulu did as he bade, and

watched, with admiration, the display
 of skill and strength which the driver
 used to subdue the maddened steeds.
 Suddenly one of the reins snapped in
 two, and the horses veered slightly. In
 an instant the carriage was upset and
 the occupants thrown to the ground.
 Lulu was stunned for a moment, and
 upon recovering herself found that she
 had been thrown upon the driver, and
 thus been saved serious injury; while
 he lay insensible with an ugly gash
 in his forehead from a stone, which his
 head had come in contact with when he
 fell.
 Lulu stanchied the blood with her
 handkerchief and carefully bandaged
 his head. Then she made a successful
 attempt to restore him to conscious-
 ness by the use of sal volatile, which
 she chanced to have with her.
 Davis opened his eyes at last, much to
 her relief.
 "Thank heaven, you are not dead!"
 she exclaimed fervently. "I began to
 think you were never going to open
 your eyes again. Do you think you
 could walk a little presently? for, if
 so, we will proceed toward home. I
 have no doubt we shall be met by some
 one that papa will send to find us as
 soon as the horses arrive with what-
 ever may be left of the phaeton."
 "I can at least try," he responded, as
 he attempted to arise, but a groan of
 pain escaped him, and he fell back half
 fainting, as he exclaimed: "My leg is
 broken! I cannot move it!"
 "Oh, what shall we do? I shall have
 to leave you here while I go for as-
 sistance," cried Lulu, in great distress.
 "No," said Davis, decidedly, "you
 shall not go alone through these woods.
 It would not be safe. We will remain
 quietly here until some one comes,
 which can not now be long."
 "But you suffer, and the delay may
 do you harm," she remonstrated.
 "I suffer less knowing that you are
 safe by my side," he returned. "A little
 while ago you thanked heaven that I
 lived. Lulu, darling, was it because
 you return the love which you must
 know that I bear for you? Trust me
 once again, darling, and do not let
 pride influence you against me because
 of my menial position."
 A fashion exchange says: "Bangs
 are again in order." Some of them are
 not. In fact, we've seen some very
 much out of order.
 "JOHN, you are not listening to one
 word I am saying." "Why, my dear, I
 am all ears." "I know you are, and that
 makes it all the more provoking."
 The photograph shows that a man's
 voice has not the same sound to him-
 self that it has to others, thus finally
 explaining why some people persist in
 singing.
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 ject to having you off duck shooting
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 to order her to let me go. She always
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 SHE—Now you know there is no use
 for you to go out and see a man this
 time, like you do at home. You don't
 know a soul in the city. He—No, I
 don't know a soul, but I expect to meet
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 "GEORGE, dear, what a beautiful di-
 amond butterfly! I look ready to fly."
 "I don't see why it wants to fly,"
 growled George. "Heaven knows it's
 high enough now. The roll-palette
 counter is at the other end of the
 store. Come on."
 VISITOR (to press-room of a news-
 paper)—Why, dear me, what a lot of
 machinery you have in this room!
 Pressman—Yes, V.—And what a big
 boiler you have there! V.—It is a big
 boiler, V.—Is that the boiler you use
 for boiling down your dispatches?
 CASHIER (stopping Mr. Dumley)—
 By the way, Dumley, I see that your
 bank account is overdrawn to the tune
 of \$150. Dumley—All right, old man;
 if you send a boy down to my office
 with a statement of the whole business,
 I'll give you a check for the amount.
 "Ah," said Mr. Scrooge, grimly,
 as he adjusted his necktie, "we've
 to put up with the airs of these society
 people half day; but when evening
 comes, my boy, they show wot the truly
 genteel is by puttin' on the dress that
 we wear all day!" "That's so," replied
 Mr. Crumblooth with a grave nod.
 "You've a great deal, Tummi;
 we waiters be the real leaders of fashion."
 HOSTESS—I must apologize for the
 salad to-night. My parlor maid usually
 makes the dressing, and is so adept at
 it, but she was taken sick to-day. I'll
 at it this afternoon and couldn't make it.
 Mrs. Asinine (sympathetically)—How
 very provoking. Hostess—Yes; I tried
 to dose her well, but it was of no use.
 She was quite hors d' combat. Mrs.
 Asinine (more sympathetically)—Is that
 so? My unfailing remedy for that is
 peppermint.
 THREE ARTISTS.
 Near her easel, graceful, dainty,
 Porphyry touching here and there,
 First he saw her somewhat faintly,
 But, for all that, passing fair,
 And she smiled and said, "I see,
 At a glance, China Artist,
 Of her name and old beauty here,
 And she took his word to guide her,
 For he seemed an love intent.
 Western glances he cast her,
 He, descendant of an artist,
 Christiana came her little token
 On a clasp of golden flowers,
 And she smiled and said, "I see,
 Sweetly recalled her happy hours,
 Heart and hand and brain bent fast,
 So he just stumped up and said,
 "I'm a painter, and I'm a painter."
 TIMID GAS LAMPS.
 The gas furnished the city of San
 Antonio is of a very inferior quality,
 and consequently the streets are very
 poorly lighted, but the street lamps
 are allowed to burn until after day-
 light. A stranger asked a prominent
 druggist:
 "Why do the gas lamps burn all
 night in this town?"
 "The gas lamps light as so
 small dot day we shall go out
 it was dark."—Texas Siftings.
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 "THERE are no flies on me," said a
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 once.
 TO THE youth struggling with an in-
 cipient mustache, the darkest hour is
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 "I WILL now put on my false suit,"
 said the guide at Niagara, as he pre-
 pared to go under the cataract.
 ALL the New York papers are com-
 plaining that our gold is going abroad.
 It can probably afford the trip.
 A GIRL may not see much in her
 sweetheart to laugh at, but his mat-
 tache is pretty sure to tickle her.
 WE will either have to quit taking
 wood on subscription or lose a good
 deal of confidence in human nature.
 THERE is only the difference of an s
 between woman's weakness and man's
 weakness: One is gossip and the other
 is sip.
 SOCIAL philosopher—Is marriage a
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 No. I've made \$3,000 this year on baby-
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 growled George. "Heaven knows it's
 high enough now. The roll-palette
 counter is at the other end of the
 store. Come on."
 VISITOR (to press-room of a news-
 paper)—Why, dear me, what a lot of
 machinery you have in this room!
 Pressman—Yes, V.—And what a big
 boiler you have there! V.—It is a big
 boiler, V.—Is that the boiler you use
 for boiling down your dispatches?
 CASHIER (stopping Mr. Dumley)—
 By the way, Dumley, I see that your
 bank account is overdrawn to the tune
 of \$150. Dumley—All right, old man;
 if you send a boy down to my office
 with a statement of the whole business,
 I'll give you a check for the amount.
 "Ah," said Mr. Scrooge, grimly,
 as he adjusted his necktie, "we've
 to put up with the airs of these society
 people half day; but when evening
 comes, my boy, they show wot the truly
 genteel is by puttin' on the dress that
 we wear all day!" "That's so," replied
 Mr. Crumblooth with a grave nod.
 "You've a great deal, Tummi;
 we waiters be the real leaders of fashion."
 HOSTESS—I must apologize for the
 salad to-night. My parlor maid usually
 makes the dressing, and is so adept at
 it, but she was taken sick to-day. I'll
 at it this afternoon and couldn't make it.
 Mrs. Asinine (sympathetically)—How
 very provoking. Hostess—Yes; I tried
 to dose her well, but it was of no use.
 She was quite hors d' combat. Mrs.
 Asinine (more sympathetically)—Is that
 so? My unfailing remedy for that is
 peppermint.
 THREE ARTISTS.
 Near her easel, graceful, dainty,
 Porphyry touching here and there,
 First he saw her somewhat faintly,
 But, for all that, passing fair,
 And she smiled and said, "I see,
 At a glance, China Artist,
 Of her name and old beauty here,
 And she took his word to guide her,
 For he seemed an love intent.
 Western glances he cast her,
 He, descendant of an artist,
 Christiana came her little token
 On a clasp of golden flowers,
 And she smiled and said, "I see,
 Sweetly recalled her happy hours,
 Heart and hand and brain bent fast,
 So he just stumped up and said,
 "I'm a painter, and I'm a painter."
 TIMID GAS LAMPS.
 The gas furnished the city of San
 Antonio is of a very inferior quality,
 and consequently the streets are very
 poorly lighted, but the street lamps
 are allowed to burn until after day-
 light. A stranger asked a prominent
 druggist:
 "Why do the gas lamps burn all
 night in this town?"
 "The gas lamps light as so
 small dot day we shall go out
 it was dark."—Texas Siftings.
 Observations.
 We suspect that the Keely motor is
 wind.
 A Boston man is proud he never
 recognizes himself in a mirror that
 cost less than \$200.
 It is said that some of Wm. M.
 Everts' sent ones are so long that com-
 munication would be a simple act of
 justice.—Detroit Free Press.
 Especially If It Were a Cigarette.
 Boothblack—Cully, I know why dat
 cigar won't smoke.
 Boothblack—Case sinnipins do mat-
 ter wid de sucker.—Yankee Blade.
 An inquirer in search of the truth
 says: "We are told that the devil sends
 folks; but who is it that sends cook-
 books?" If the book is of the female
 gender it must be the corner policeman.
 "I think the only course left is to
 accede to his demands," was the demure

reply. "It is only a just indemnity for
 his wrongs."
 That the advice was acted upon was
 proved by the wedding which followed
 a few months later. If the promises
 are fulfilled it will be an unusually
 happy one.
 HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS.
 A FALSE START—An elopement.
 A SCREW-DRIVER—The engine of a
 steamship.
 A TIME-TABLE—The watch dealers'
 price list.
 PROMISSORY notes are frequently
 classed as paper-waits.
 A LADY invited to a party sent her
 regrets. Her husband came.
 THREE promises to be a great deal of
 back talk in the photograph.
 TIME never flies so fast as when you
 are playing billiards by the hour.
 THEY call it a "duck of a bonnet"
 because there is so much bill to it.
 THE way for a doctor to become well
 known is to make his patients well.
 "THERE are no flies on me," said a
 stage actor the theater burned down.
 A WISE man will never lift a lid off a
 hot stove with his fingers more than
 once.
 TO THE youth struggling with an in-
 cipient mustache, the darkest hour is
 just before the "down."
 "I WILL now put on my false suit,"
 said the guide at Niagara, as he pre-
 pared to go under the cataract.
 ALL the New York papers are com-
 plaining that our gold is going abroad.
 It can probably afford the trip.
 A GIRL may not see much in her
 sweetheart to laugh at, but his mat-
 tache is pretty sure to tickle her.
 WE will either have to quit taking
 wood on subscription or lose a good
 deal of confidence in human nature.
 THERE is only the difference of an s
 between woman's weakness and man's
 weakness: One is gossip and the other
 is sip.
 SOCIAL philosopher—Is marriage a
 failure? Furniture man—(Great Scot!)
 No. I've made \$3,000 this year on baby-
 caskets alone.
 A FASHION exchange says: "Bangs
 are again in order." Some of them are
 not. In fact, we've seen some very
 much out of order.
 "JOHN, you are not listening to one
 word I am saying." "Why, my dear, I
 am all ears." "I know you are, and that
 makes it all the more provoking."
 The photograph shows that a man's
 voice has not the same sound to him-
 self that it has to others, thus finally
 explaining why some people persist in
 singing.
 BLANKS—Think your wife would ob-
 ject to having you off duck shooting
 with me? Think you afraid she would
 if I asked her, but I'll tell my little son
 to order her to let me go. She always
 obeys him.
 SHE—Now you know there is no use
 for you to go out and see a man this
 time, like you do at home. You don't
 know a soul in the city. He—No, I
 don't know a soul, but I expect to meet
 a few spirits I am acquainted with.
 "GEORGE, dear, what a beautiful di-
 amond butterfly! I look ready to fly."
 "I don't see why it wants to fly,"
 growled George. "Heaven knows it's
 high enough now. The roll-palette
 counter is at the other end of the
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